

PRICE SIXPENCE NET

JOHN PALMER

Over the Hills

A

0
0
0
6
7
5
4
3
3
7



UC SOUTHERN REGIONAL LIBRARY FACILITY

SIDGWICK & JACKSON, LTD.



D. N.
April 2nd
1914

Reuben Robert

Sidgwick & Jackson's Series of One-Act Plays

THE LITTLE STONE HOUSE ... By
GEORGE CALDERON, Author of *The Fountain*,
&c.

MISS TASSEY By
ELIZABETH BAKER, Author of *Chains*, *The*
Price of Thomas Scott, &c.

OVER THE HILLS By
JOHN PALMER.

OVER THE HILLS



OVER THE HILLS

(PRODUCED IN 1912)

Robert Wilde - EDMUND GWENN.

Helen Wilde - HILDA TREVELYAN.

Martin Durrant - { C. M. HALLARD.
THOMAS N. WEGUELIN.

Maidservant - MINNIE TERRY.

OVER THE HILLS

A COMEDY IN ONE ACT. BY
JOHN PALMER

LONDON: SIDGWICK & JACKSON, LTD.
3 ADAM STREET, ADELPHI. MCMXIV.

Copyright, 1914, by Sidgwick and Jackson, Ltd.

CHARACTERS

ROBERT WILDE.

HELEN (*his wife*).

MARTIN DURRANT.

A MAIDSERVANT.

Scene—Dining-room of Mr. Robert Wilde's desirable residence in Finchley.

The curtain descends for a moment of the play to mark the lapse of several hours.

Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2007 with funding from
Microsoft Corporation

OVER THE HILLS

It is a wild night outside, but the dining-room is entirely weatherproof. There is a blazing fire, and MRS. WILDE stitches comfortably beside it. Her work-basket is within reach on a small oak table. On the other side of this table is the most comfortable chair in the room; but MR. WILDE is not sitting within it. He is obviously restless. At one moment he stands at the back of the stage, looking out into the night round the edge of the Venetian blind. Then with a fierce light in his eyes he paces forward down the length of the room and back to the window. When he faces the audience, he passes the fire and his wife and the comfortable chairs on his right.

Except for MR. WILDE, it is a picture of restfulness. The best house coal from the local agent is burning in the grate. The carpets are genuine Persian, and the furniture is old oak. The folding table (real Jacobean) is pushed back to the wall away from the fire, leaving a noble space in the centre of the room. Along this wall is an oak dresser, obviously a genuine antique.

It is a room which, we are sure, would be the pride of Mr. and Mrs. WILDE if they were a really home-loving couple. Of Mrs. WILDE there can be no doubt. She definitely has settled down—a placid, sensible, humorous woman of about thirty-five. Mr. WILDE is forty; but he has about him a wild, romantic air of the man who has not yet put away childish things. But he is getting stout, and we can only with difficulty imagine him outside the house, instead of being in, on a night like this.

Mrs. WILDE watches him pacing the carpet with the air of one who is used to this kind of thing. Obviously his restlessness, so far as she is concerned, is of no importance. SHE is very patient, but at last it begins rather to get on her nerves, and she thinks she ought to say something.

HELEN. You're uncommonly restless to-night, dear.

ROBERT (*coming dramatically from the window*). Restless! (*With emotion*) Listen to the wind!

HELEN (*matter-of-fact*). It does make itself heard.

ROBERT (*uplifted*). It sings in the branches of the old elm like a pæan.

HELEN. A what?

ROBERT (*annoyed at being pulled up*). A pæan.

HELEN. What is a pæan?

ROBERT. A pæan, my dear, is a song of triumph. From the Greek.

(HE resumes his march.)

HELEN (*after a pause*). I do wish you'd settle down to something, Robert. You give me the fidgets.

ROBERT (*wildly addressing the ceiling*). The Fidgets! I give her the fidgets!

(HE stands again at the window and looks out.)

HELEN (*after a further pause*). Is it still raining, Robert?

ROBERT (*with ecstasy*). Raining? The wind is driving from over the hills like a great sail. The clouds are scudding across the moon; and, as the light comes and goes, I get glimpses of drenched fields, and trees flinging spray from their branches. The leaves come scattering down. I hear the wind shouting to the old elm, and the old elm, flinging off its weight of years, shouts back to the wind.

(HELEN has obviously heard this kind of thing very frequently. She is profoundly unimpressed.)

HELEN (*matter-of-fact*). I suppose you know about the hen-house?

ROBERT (*disgusted*). The hen-house?

HELEN. The old elm, flinging off its weight of years, has made a hole in the hen-house. I always told you that that tree would have to be lopped. It

isn't safe. Suppose, when the branch fell, Maggie had been feeding the hens. We are not insured against workmen's compensation. Luckily, no one was killed except the new Orpington, who was sitting at the time.

ROBERT. And because a sitting hen has been killed you would lop that grand old tree. Have you no sense of beauty?

HELEN. As you please, my dear; I don't care so very much about the poultry. But you will insist on having your eggs absolutely new-laid. (*Pause.*) We've had a dreadful day. Maggie had to chase those wretched birds for nearly half an hour in the pouring rain. They were out all over the place. ROBERT (*significantly*). Ah, even the hens!

(HELEN surveys him, cheerfully resigned to another outburst.)

They, too, are set free, and may seek the waste places.

HELEN. Now, my dear, you are talking nonsense. The hens were frightened. Very naturally.

ROBERT. I'm afraid, Helen, you have a literal mind.

HELEN. No one could be poetical about hens. Not even the Poet Laureate.

ROBERT (*with dignity*). We will not argue about it.

(HE again marches to and fro for a while, then suddenly stops.)

ROBERT (*with exasperation*). How you can sit there like that, Helen, beats me altogether!

HELEN (*placidly*). It is very comfortable.

ROBERT (*sardonically*). Exactly. Very comfortable. And that is a very nice piece of old oak (*indicating the dresser*). And you are sitting on a stuffed chair. And the carpet is from Persia. (*He snorts.*)

HELEN. Won't you come and sit by the fire? It would be nice if you would read me something.

ROBERT (*in appalling tones*). Sit by the fire! With the wind calling! Is it possible?

(HELEN puts down her sewing, rises, and adjusts a cushion on the chair by the fire; she pats it invitingly.)

HELEN. For my sake, Robert.

(ROBERT, who likes to be comfortable, makes a show of resistance, but, yielding, at last permits himself to sink luxuriously down. HELEN again stitches by the fire.)

ROBERT (*mournfully*). The rooted elm may play with the wind and rain; but the man who is a householder shall stop his ears like Ulysses when the Sirens sang.

(HE stretches lazily for a book of poems on the table, beside the work-basket. It is Henley's "Hawthorn and Lavender." He peacefully turns the leaves, and begins dreamily to read some verses.)

ROBERT.

Since those we love and those we hate,
With all things mean and all things great,
Pass in a desperate disarray
Over the hills and far away,

It must be, dear, that late or soon,
Out of the ken of the watching moon,
We shall abscond with yesterday
Over the hills and far away.

ROBERT (*stretching his legs yet more comfortably to the fire*). Those verses fill me with a restless longing to take once again the mystic road, the road of all who are born to wander. (*Rearranging the cushion comfortably behind his head.*) The comfort of this room comes to be a torture of the soul. The wind calls, and the four walls drop away; the light is quenched; the fire dies. (*He stretches his hand comfortably to the blaze.*) The long road stretches before, and the wind meets me from over the hills. Once again I feel the sting of rain. Then it is, in the breath of the storm, one pities the slow, warm people stretched lazily before the hearth, droning away the time.

HELEN (*leaning over the table*). Let me take your book, dear. That's right. Now you are quite comfortable.

ROBERT (*who is now thoroughly happy*). How hateful it is to lie easefully and inert, a figure at which gods may point the finger! Is life to be no more than comfort?

HELEN. You are quite right about this room, Robert. It's the only really comfortable room in the house when the wind is in the north-west.

ROBERT (*starting up*). I suppose you think that's clever.

HELEN (*innocently*). Now what have I said?

ROBERT. Just as I am pointing out to you that comfort does not matter, that it is abominable, you suggest that I am sitting in the dining-room because it is the most comfortable room in the house.

HELEN (*mildly*). You suggested we should sit here.

ROBERT (*angrily lifting himself out of the chair*). Not for myself. I sometimes think of you.

HELEN. Very sweet of you, Robert! (*She rises and rearranges the cushion for him.*)

ROBERT (*irritably seizing the cushion from her*). Not there! That's where I like to have it.

(HELEN returns to her work.)

ROBERT (*dreamily*). Those lines of Henley bring back to me the days when I was a wanderer with Martin. It was his favourite poem.

HELEN. Martin Durrant?

ROBERT. Yes, Martin Durrant. There, if you like, was a man.

HELEN. A very restless and unsatisfactory creature, from all accounts.

ROBERT. Martin was a born vagabond. Many's the trail we have followed over land and sea.

(HE springs up, stirred by his reminiscences, and looks out of the window.)

(Turning into the room) These were the nights we loved best. A night like this we would take a bee-line over the country. How wet we would get! How gloriously wet!

HELEN. Very enjoyable, no doubt. So is a mustard bath and Benger's food.

ROBERT (*with a shout of scorn*). Oh! How can you understand? Have you ever defied the wind in his fury? Have you ever mocked the rain?

HELEN. I have not.

ROBERT. To think that I am standing here upon a carpet from Persia, sheltered by the four walls of a room, when the wind is calling! (*Settling himself again by the fire.*) If Martin be within the limits of this storm, he is out with the wind to-night, following the old, old trail. Over the hills.

(*He closes his eyes luxuriously. There is a knock at the front door.*)

HELEN. Robert, that was a knock. Who can it be at this time of night?

ROBERT. Are you sure it was a knock?

HELEN. Better go and see who it is. Maggie may not have heard.

ROBERT (*horrified*). Go to the door on a night like this!

(*Another knock.*)

HELEN. Possibly it's the wind calling. I'm not at home.

MAGGIE announces Mr. DURRANT. THEY wait for a moment; then the door opens and MARTIN DURRANT appears, shown in by MAGGIE. HE stands on the threshold, a romantic figure which succeeds in being all that Mr. WILDE is now unable to be.

He has removed his coat ; but his boots are wet, and his hair hangs limp on his forehead. He looks at ROBERT in the chair, and from him to HELEN. MAGGIE takes his coat and hat and goes out.)

ROBERT (*springing up*). Martin !

MARTIN. Well, Robert ?

ROBERT (*awkwardly*). Helen.—er . . . this is Martin Durrant. Er . . . my wife.

MARTIN (*bowing to Helen, obviously a little stunned*). How do you do ? (*Looking at ROBERT*) I . . . I did not know. Congratulations !

HELEN (*very self-possessed, not leaving her sewing*). We were just talking of you, Mr. Durrant. You are the man who used to be so fond of getting wet.

MARTIN. I am still fond of it. I have walked all the way from Charing Cross, simply to enjoy the rain. I arrived this morning from Tripoli.

HELEN (*pulling in another chair*). Er . . . won't you sit down ?

(THEY sit. *An awkward pause.*)

ROBERT. Would you like some whisky—something hot ?

MARTIN. No, thank you.

(*Another awkward pause.*)

HELEN (*suddenly rising*). It's time for me to go.

MARTIN (*rising*). Please don't let me drive you away.

HELEN. Nonsense ! You two are old friends. You didn't expect to see me here, and you had no

time to pretend you were delighted. The situation is extremely awkward.

MARTIN. I hope you will come back, Mrs. Wilde.

HELEN (*briefly*). Yes. Robert will be wanting his Benger's food.

[*Exit HELEN. SHE closes the door.*]

MARTIN. Benger's food? Robert, this is serious. To find you married is not so bad. It might happen to anybody. But what is Benger's food?

ROBERT (*huffily*). I take it to please my wife.

MARTIN. Is it as bad as that? When did it happen?

ROBERT. As soon as I got back from that Pacific trip.

MARTIN. About seven years ago. Quite settled down.

ROBERT (*changing the subject*). What have you been doing?

MARTIN. What am I always doing? I've been round the world another three times or so.

(*HE springs up and critically surveys the room.*)

ROBERT. How did you find me out?

MARTIN. I called immediately at the club. Peters told me the address. He was quite sad about it. "Finchley, sir," he said; "he has taken a desirable residence." "But Finchley," I objected, "is a suburb." "Yes, sir," said Peters; "I'm afraid Mr. Wilde is not the man he was." You and Peters always agreed about suburbs—places to settle down in.

ROBERT (*savagely*). Peters might have told you I was married.

MARTIN. Peters never did like to inflict pain.

(MARTIN *has been wandering round the room during these remarks, with the eyes of a connoisseur.*)

MARTIN. You're pretty snug in here.

ROBERT (*flattered and delighted*). It is a comfortable room, don't you think?

MARTIN (*before the dresser*). That's a nice piece of old oak.

ROBERT (*leaping up to show off his possessions*). Isn't it? Look at the legs. Stuart, running into Queen Anne. It is a collector's piece. Shows the transition.

MARTIN. A comfortable room, a comfortable wife, comfortable old oak. How *did* it happen?

ROBERT (*testily*). It's very well to scoff. But there *is* something in having a place of your own.

MARTIN. A place of your own! Really, Robert, you forget the first principles of our system. This room at the present moment is as much mine as yours. I can feel the fire. I can enjoy all you have. And in a few moments I can leave it. Then the wind and the rain is mine. All I touch belongs as much to me as to the people who have bought it, and insured it against fire and burglary. More. For me it is pure enjoyment. For them it is money spent, anxiety, and imprisonment.

ROBERT (*irritably*). I know all about that. Any-

one, to hear you talk, would think I was a comfortably married man.

MARTIN (*looking round*). It certainly looks like it.

ROBERT (*striding to the window and indicating the elements with a magnificent gesture*). Do you imagine I am deaf to all that? Do you imagine I *prefer* to be as I am?

MARTIN (*grinning*). Over the hills—eh?

ROBERT. If only you knew how restless I have been to-night!

MARTIN (*looking fixedly at ROBERT'S armchair*). I noticed you quite carefully when I came in. Robert, you have changed! I am sure that at the present moment you are thinking more about my dirty boots on the carpet than anything else.

(ROBERT *looks hastily away from MARTIN'S boots, and walks solemnly towards him.*)

ROBERT (*putting his hand on MARTIN'S shoulder*). If only you *knew*! I have suffered. (*Overcoming his emotion*) However, tell me about yourself.

(THEY *prepare to settle down.*)

ROBERT (*as MARTIN is about to sit on ROBERT'S chair*). No, not there. This one is more comfortable.

(HE *pulls forward HELEN'S chair.*)

MARTIN (*settling down luxuriously*). Thanks.

ROBERT (*drawing cigars from his pocket*). Have a cigarette?

MARTIN. Thanks, I prefer a pipe.

(THEY *both make themselves comfortable.*)

ROBERT. Now, where have you been exactly?

MARTIN. Well (*puff*), there's not much to tell (*puff*). I've been mostly (*puff*) on the old tracks, chiefly in the East. (*He breaks off, to look fondly at his steaming boots.*) You know, Robert, the best of being a vagabond is that you may always be conscientiously comfortable whenever you have the chance. The golden rule is, to take everything as it comes. I've another ten miles to-night. Meantime, this is very agreeable. (*Sighs contentedly.*)

ROBERT. Yes, but——

MARTIN. How do you think I came up to town this morning?

ROBERT. How?

MARTIN. I came in the *Golliwog*. I have bought her. Couldn't resist it. I have come in her from Tripoli.

ROBERT (*with excitement*). Then she's in London?

MARTIN. She is. The times we have had in that smelly old boat! You remember the smell (*sniffs delightedly*). Lascars, oil, tar, and bilge. That smell always takes me back to the night when we found that island of ours in the Pacific. I was there the other day. The hut is still standing. But the tinned stuff was all bad.

ROBERT. When did you buy the *Golliwog*?

MARTIN. A month ago. Came across her on the coast of Africa. Bought her and kept on the old dirty crew. Came straight up to tell you. Thought perhaps you'd like to start off with me to-morrow. But your wanderings are over, Robert, my boy.

ROBERT (*rising excitedly*). Where are you going?

MARTIN. Haven't an idea. I thought of just sailing out, turning round three times with my eyes shut, and going off in a straight line.

ROBERT. Are you stocked?

MARTIN. The Lascars are seeing to that now. I'm going on to the cottage at Elstree to-night to pick up one or two books. I'm off to-morrow on the fall of the tide.

ROBERT (*hoarsely*). Don't, Martin. I can't bear it.

MARTIN. Why not come?

ROBERT. How can I come?

MARTIN. Come for a short spin—a holiday.

ROBERT (*more hoarsely*). I daren't.

MARTIN. Is your wife so terrible?

ROBERT. It isn't that. I'm afraid of myself. (*Dreamily*) Once I set my face to the sea, I could never come back. It would be over the hills—never to return.

MARTIN (*cheerfully*). I'll guarantee to get you back.

ROBERT (*dismally*). What would be the use of it? Could I have the old sense of freedom? It would be merely travelling. There is nothing in that. It is the feeling of perfect freedom which is so glorious—each day a law to itself. That feeling can never come to me again.

Enter Helen.

ROBERT. Besides, how can I leave my wife? Even for a day. It would break her heart.

HELEN (*coming forward*). Robert is a born traveller. He has the gift of exaggeration.

ROBERT (*tragically*). Helen! You have heard everything.

HELEN. Everything, Robert.

ROBERT (*smitten with remorse*). How can you forgive me?

HELEN (*briefly*). The point is you would like a holiday. Have one.

(MARTIN gives up his chair to HELEN.)

MARTIN (*twinkling with mischief; he takes HELEN's view of ROBERT as a wanderer*). I was just suggesting, Mrs. Wilde, that Robert should sail with me to-morrow morning. A short holiday would do him good.

HELEN (*stitching again*). I agree. Robert is out of sorts.

MARTIN (*settling by the fire*). Worse. He's getting stout.

HELEN. When would you like Robert to be ready?

MARTIN. I am going over to my cottage at Elstree to-night, and sailing on the morning tide. Robert can start with me now, or join me at Tilbury.

HELEN (*matter-of-fact*). Which is it to be, Robert?

ROBERT (*horrorstruck*). Helen!

HELEN. Well, dear ?

ROBERT (*wildly*). You do not understand. Do not send me away.

HELEN. Robert, I wish you to take a holiday.

ROBERT (*hoarsely*). Do not send me away. (*In a hollow voice*) You do not know what you are doing. I may never return.

HELEN (*quite unmoved*). I should not like you to cut your holiday short, dear.

ROBERT. Helen !

HELEN. If at the end of a week you wish to come back, let me know. I should, of course, like to be at home. If after a few days you feel like a month of it, you must write and tell me.

ROBERT. But what will *you* do ?

HELEN. There are many things to do. There is the store cupboard.

ROBERT (*to the chandelier*). The store cupboard !

HELEN. Pickles, my dear. Maggie tells me we are getting very low. You know you like them home-made. Of course, if you think of staying away for good, I won't make such a large quantity.

ROBERT. Helen, this is not a jest. I am in deadly earnest. I tell you, if I leave this house to-night, I may never return.

MARTIN (*with great enjoyment*). Then, that's decided, Mrs. Wilde?

HELEN. Yes, Mr. Durrant.

ROBERT (*wildly*). Helen ! Try to realize that you are sending me away for ever.

HELEN (*mournfully*). Robert, you must obey the call of your nature.

ROBERT. Can you live your life alone? Think that these walls may never again be my home and yours—our home. (*He chokes.*)

(HELEN remains placid as ever, and ROBERT loses his temper.)

ROBERT (*with heat*). Martin, I will meet you to-morrow at Tilbury.

HELEN (*sharply*). You certainly will not, Robert.

ROBERT (*derisively*). Ah, you come to your senses now! It is too late.

(HELEN puts down her stitching, and rises sphinx-like and rings the bell.)

ROBERT (*uneasily*). What are you going to do?

HELEN. I am sending for your boots, Robert.

ROBERT (*more uneasily*). My boots?

(HELEN crosses to the window, which she opens a little. The wind is heard howling outside.)

HELEN. Do you hear that, Robert? The wind calling.

ROBERT (*still more uneasy*). You don't mean——

HELEN. Over the hills, Robert. Over the hills to Elstree.

MARTIN (*delightedly*). Twelve miles, Robert, through the wind, and the rain, and the falling leaves—eh? How wet we shall get—how gloriously wet!

Enter MAGGIE.

HELEN. Please bring the master's thickest pair of boots, Maggie. The master has to go out.

MAGGIE. Yes, m'm.

[Exit MAGGIE.]

ROBERT (*thoroughly alarmed*). But this is impossible. I've got to pack all my things.

HELEN. I will send your things down to the boat by messenger.

ROBERT. It is unnecessary.

HELEN (*very, very solemn*). Robert, I decided that when the call came to you, as it has come to-night, I would not stand in your way. I know what you are feeling to-night—how the comfort and warmth of this room tortures your soul. Another night beneath this roof would stifle you. Your heart is beating for the open road. You shall go now, Robert—in the rain that you love. Over the hills.

MARTIN (*unable to restrain himself*). Ha! ha! ha!

HELEN (*severely*). What is the matter with you, Mr. Durrant?

MARTIN (*solemnly*). I am laughing for pure joy of the road, Mrs. Wilde. You have given me back my friend. The trust is sacred.

Enter MAGGIE with the boots. Amid a dead silence she places them by the fender. They are the centre of interest for all four.

HELEN. Bring Mr. Durrant's overcoat, please, Maggie.

MAGGIE. Yes, m'm.

[*Exit* MAGGIE.]

HELEN (*indicating boots*). Now, Robert.

ROBERT (*with sombre intensity*). I warn you, Helen, once I put on those boots, no power on earth will be able to restore the happiness of this home.

MARTIN (*lifting the boots*). A fine stout pair of boots, Robert. A credit to the cobbler that made them.

HELEN. Chiropodist, Mr. Durrant.

MARTIN. Eh?

HELEN. Chiropodist, not cobbler. Robert suffers with his feet.

ROBERT (*outraged*). Give me those boots, Martin. (*Pulling them violently on*) My conscience is clear.

(*He laces the boots in silence. The wind is heard howling outside. He rises, looks blackly at HELEN, and leaves the room for his coat. HELEN stitches on with a happy smile. MARTIN looks ever more delighted.*)

Enter MAGGIE with MARTIN's coat, which she helps him to put on.

ROBERT (*reappearing with his coat on*). Now then, Martin.

MARTIN. Ready.

HELEN. Robert, you're not going out like that.

(*SHE rises indignantly.*)

ROBERT. Eh?

HELEN. You haven't got your comforter!

ROBERT (*laughing harshly*). Those days are done with, Helen! Dead. No more comforters. This is good-bye. Martin!

HELEN (*kissing him like a mother*). Good-bye, dear.

MARTIN. Good-bye, Mrs. Wilde.

[ROBERT *leaves the room.*

HELEN. Good-bye, Mr. Durrant.

ROBERT (*calling from the hall*). Martin!

MARTIN (*at the door, significantly*). Don't wait up too long.

HELEN (*composedly*). I shall wait up long enough, Mr. Durrant.

(*He goes out. MAGGIE follows to see them off. Shortly after the door bangs. HELEN goes to the window and listens to the rain. SHE closes it, smiling a little grimly. SHE comes forward and rings the bell for MAGGIE, then settles down to her stitching by the fire. The clock strikes nine.*)

MAGGIE *enters*.

HELEN. Maggie, you needn't wait up for me to-night.

MAGGIE. Yes, m'm.

HELEN. Please make up the kitchen fire before you go to bed. The master has gone out for a walk, and will probably want a hot bath when he gets back.

MAGGIE. Yes, m'm.

HELEN. You might put a tin of Colman's mustard in the bathroom—a large tin.

MAGGIE. Yes, m'm.

HELEN. And bring the whisky in here, please, with the small kettle.

MAGGIE. Yes, m'm.

(MAGGIE goes out. HELEN continues to stitch peacefully, with an occasional smile flickering over her face.)

The CURTAIN descends to mark the lapse of several hours.

The CURTAIN on rising discovers HELEN sitting in her chair by the fire. The kettle is on the hob; the whisky is beside the work-basket. ROBERT's slippers are in the fender. The clock strikes twelve. There is a tapping at the window. HELEN puts away her work, and goes to see if it is really Robert. Finding it is, she admits him through the window. He staggers stiffly in, streaming with water and groaning with aches and pains. SHE removes his coat, sits him in his chair, and begins to undo his boots.)

ROBERT. I can do that, Helen.

(SHE withdraws to watch ROBERT unlace his boots with stiff fingers. HE gets them off, puts on his slippers, stretches his feet to the fire, and leans back, lost to the world with fatigue. HELEN mixes some hot whisky.)

HELEN. Here! Drink this.

ROBERT. Eh?

HELEN. Drink this.

(*HE drinks, recovers some of his brains, and looks at her, glass in hand.*)

ROBERT. Hot whisky! Slippers! (*Tears in his voice*) Don't say you expected me.

HELEN (*soothingly*). I thought it possible you might come back.

(*ROBERT drinks some more whisky, and feels it doing him good. HE recovers enough to say judiciously :*)

ROBERT. I'm not sure whether I like it or whether I don't like it. I'm glad of the whisky. But to be expected! (*Plumping down the glass*) How dare you expect me?

HELEN (*evasively*). It's *such* a dreadful night—over the hills.

ROBERT (*with a fearful cry*). The hills! Ugh! Ugh! Ugh! Never mention them to me again.

HELEN. Tell me about it. (*Gives him some more whisky.*)

ROBERT. Horrible! (*Drinks.*) Soaked to the skin in five minutes. Every mile like ten. With a head wind howling past like a fury. (*Drinks.*) Now and then I heard noises from Martin. Martin was *singing*. Singing. (*Drinks.*) I had pains in my back, in my legs—all over. At last I stuck—told Martin I wouldn't budge on any farther.

HELEN. What did he say?

ROBERT. He stood in the road, dripping wet ; and he *laughed*. I left him. (*Drinks.*) I left him in the awful rain trying to light his pipe. Helen, take me to bed.

HELEN. You must get between the blankets, dear. There's a hot bath ready, and be sure to put in all the mustard.

ROBERT (*hysterical with fatigue, returning warmth, and the whisky*). Ha ! ha ! ha ! Martin ! Ha ! ha ! St-still—out—there. Over the h-h-h-h-ills.

(HELEN *smiles sweetly at ROBERT, but the smile is enigmatic. She opens the door into the hall and turns out the light in the room. SHE and ROBERT now stand in a glow from the passage.*)

ROBERT (*pulling himself together*). Eh ! Funny, isn't it ? Martin out there. Even *you* can see the humour of that.

HELEN (*leading him off*). Yes, dear.

CURTAIN.



A DESCRIPTIVE CATALOGUE OF MODERN PLAYS

ON THE READING OF PLAYS

"It is a tribute to the literary quality of our modern plays that so many of them gain rather than lose in the printed page."—*Globe*.

"A drama issued in book-form, and furnished with that brisk commentary on the text which Mr. Bernard Shaw set the fashion of supplying, takes on something of the character of a novel, and has the advantage of being very much shorter."—*Athenæum*.

"As soon as the imagination has been trained to 'see' the characters, to 'hear' their talk, to create their surroundings quickly from a hint or two about scenery, to realise the workings of their minds with the aid of stage directions—then reading plays gives more pleasure than reading novels. There is no padding. No arid wastes of descriptive twaddle delay the action. No tiresome moralising by the author insults the intelligent reader, who is quite well able to draw conclusions for himself. Anyone who is accustomed to reading good plays finds the average novel slow and heavy with a burden of unnecessary words."—*Daily Mail*.

PUBLISHED BY
SIDGWICK & JACKSON, LTD.
3 ADAM STREET, LONDON, W.C.

GRANVILLE BARKER

“Mr. Barker . . . takes no joy in the game of sticking pins into convention. He outrages convention when he wishes to ; but he only wishes to because it gets in the way of the greater things that are his real subject. The desire to shock has no place in Mr. Barker’s published work ; the desire to teach has a great place. And Mr. Barker stands at the head of a movement that, in English drama, is undoubtedly new.”—*Times Literary Supplement*, Oct. 7, 1909.

“His plays are among the few that are worth seeing and among the still fewer that are worth reading, and reading seriously and more than once.”—*Morning Post*, Sept. 27, 1909.

“A remarkable talent lies here ; perhaps a very great one. Mr. Barker’s literary faculty is in itself unusual. He is a serious and highly competent workman, he writes no dull or weak lines ; he can be both allusive and direct, and now and then he approaches Ibsen’s power of imparting to prose the incomparable emotional effect of poetry.”—*Nation*, Sept. 18, 1909.

“Whatever Mr. Granville Barker does on a stage, or behind it, is a matter for both respect and delight. One has to respect, too, what he writes ; for he will take none of the cheap and nasty ways to a kind of success ; he tries for fine things, his ideas are liberal, his circumstantial observation of a scene is very close, and his nicety of characterisation . . . borders on the marvellous, like the discrimination of expert wool-sorters and tea-tasters.”—*Manchester Guardian*.

“Le théâtre est avant tout pour lui un moyen de combat.”—*Revue Germanique*, 1912.

THE VOYSEY INHERITANCE

This play deals with the moral problems that present themselves to Edward Voysey, when he learns that the solicitor's business which he inherits from his father is based on a system of misappropriation of trust funds. He seeks justification for his attempt to put matters straight, and his actions are criticised from various points of view by the other members of his family. Finally he is reconciled to the distasteful task by the encouragement of his cousin Alice Maitland.

"An amazingly vivid, grimly humorous picture of a prosperous mid-Victorian English family; it is merciless and intensely comic. . . . Moreover, it has a delicate, subdued strain of love-interest, with a pleasantly pathetic flavour."—*Westminster Gazette*.

"The play represents one of the very best specimens of the modern English dramatic school. It is thoughtful, it is serious, it is interesting, it is dramatic; it touches real problems, and gives us real personages."—*W. L. Courtney in the Daily Telegraph*.

Eighth Impression. Cloth, 2s. net; Paper, 1s. 6d. net.

Also in "Three Plays," with "The Marrying of Anne Leete" and "Waste." Cloth, 5s. net.

* * All Plays in this list, unless otherwise described,
are published in Crown octavo, $7\frac{1}{2} \times 5$ inches.

WASTE

"enforces with a certain sombre power" (says the *Church Family News*), "and without pandering to pruriency, the teaching so often ignored, so bitterly resented, so surely true, that the wages of sin is death." The story, put briefly, shows how the career of Henry Trebell, a rising young politician, is ruined by his momentary intrigue with an attractive but empty-headed married woman. She refuses to face the scandal that is in prospect, and dies as the result of her attempt to destroy Trebell's child. Trebell, with his political career cut short, finds nothing left to live for, and commits suicide.

"To have read *Waste* twice through carefully is to recognise it as a fine intellectual achievement—subtle, profound, interesting, just. . . . It is packed with subjects, and with original thought about those subjects."—*Times*.

"This play is a superb tragedy, relentless, pitiful, veracious."—*Daily Chronicle*.

"A reading of it confirms our opinion that in it we have one of the notable plays of modern times."—*Athenæum*.

"It is full of ideas, it is rich in knowledge of life. Its one sex phase, to which doubtless objection was taken, makes for purity and anti-sensualism as much as the most verbally correct of modern comic operas or musical comedies may make for the opposite."—*C. K. S. in the Sphere*.

Eighth Impression. Cloth, 2s. net; Paper, 1s. 6a. net.

Also in "Three Plays," with "The Marrying of Ann Leete" and "The Voyage Inheritance." Cloth, 5s. net.

THE MADRAS HOUSE

"The unifying principle of the play," Mr. Max Beerbohm said in the *Saturday Review*, "is that the theme throughout is the present and future of woman—woman regarded from various standpoints, moral, æsthetic, economic, and so on." Constantine Madras, once a man-milliner of Bond Street, has turned Mahommedan. His brother-in-law, Henry Huxtable, has six unmarried daughters at home in Denmark Hill, and a large drapery establishment where the living-in system has produced suspicion of a scandal. Another view is presented by Eustace Perrin State, a sentimental American business-man who has come to negotiate for the purchase of the Madras House. Philip and Jessica Madras, with their friend Major Thomas, also contribute to the debate.

"You can read *The Madras House* at your leisure, dip into it here and there, turn a tit-bit over lovingly on the palate . . . and the result is, in our experience, a round of pleasure. . . . That priceless companion the sentimental American capitalist, Mr. State . . . 'has never read the Koran—an oversight [*he makes a mental note*].' . . . *The Madras House* is so good in print that everybody should make a mental note to read it, like Mr. State with the Koran."—*Times*.

"The play has a cornucopious flow of ideas ; it has wit, pungency, surprisingness, relevance to modern life, and perfect freedom from stupidities of every kind ; and it gives you the feeling of contact with an uncommon, eager, luminous mind."—*Manchester Guardian*.

"Tous ceux qui s'intéressent aux mœurs véritables de l'Angleterre devront lire la pièce de Mr. Granville Barker."—*Mercure de France*.

Third Impression. Cloth, 2s. net ; Paper, 1s. 6d. net.

GRANVILLE BARKER

THE
MARRYING OF ANN LEETE

is set in the eighteenth century. The play shows how Ann, on the verge of contracting a marriage of convenience with Lord John Carp, revolts from the decadence of her family and deliberately marries a healthy young gardener. "We've all been in too great a hurry to be civilised," she says to her husband; "I mean to go back . . . I was afraid to live . . . and now I am content."

"Delicate, sensuous, half-modish, half-poetic."—*Nation*.

"As a piece of literature it is splendid; its language is full of point and wit, and the scenes and costumes help to conjure up the idea of a picture by Watteau."—*Court Journal*.

Fourth Impression. Cloth, 2s. net; Paper, 1s. 6d. net.

Note.]

THREE PLAYS

By GRANVILLE BARKER

includes

THE MARRYING OF ANN LEETE

THE VOYSEY INHERITANCE

AND WASTE

Cloth, 5s. net. (Postage, 4d.)

Also a Special Edition, limited to 50 copies, signed by the Author, extra bound in three volumes, in a case, 21s. net per set.

(Postage, 6d.)

PRUNELLA

or Love in a Dutch Garden

By LAURENCE HOUSMAN and GRANVILLE BARKER

tells how Pierrot saw Prunella through the hedge of her aunts' formal garden, and crept through to her, bringing romance (as she thought) ; how he wooed her and carried her off through the window of her room down a ladder of dreams ; how he deserted her thereafter, and left her desolate ; and finally how she found him again when everything seemed to have turned against her.

"A very charming love-tale, which works slowly to a climax of great and touching beauty."—*Daily News*.

"This exquisite little fantasy is not the least of the additions to our dramatic literature which we owe to the Court Theatre enterprise. It reads as charmingly as it acted, and that is saying much. It is full of quaint invention, humour, irony, and pathos."—*Tribune*.

Pott 4to, with frontispiece by Laurence Housman and music of "Pierrot's Serenade" (which can be obtained separately, 1s. 6d. net), decorated cloth, 5s. net.

Seventh Impression. Theatre Edition, Paper, 1s. net.

ANATOL

A Sequence of Dialogues

By ARTHUR SCHNITZLER, paraphrased for the English
Stage by GRANVILLE BARKER.

CONTENTS

(I) Ask no Questions and you'll hear no Stories—(II) A Christmas Present—(III) An Episode—(IV) Keepsakes—(V) A Farewell Supper—(VI) Dying Pangs—(VII) The Wedding Morning.

Anatol is an amorous but inconstant bachelor of Vienna ; his friend Max is another, but more philosophical and phlegmatic. Anatol appears in all the Dialogues, Max in five of them ; but there is a different lady in each of the seven, and with them as foils Anatol shows himself by turns sentimental, jealous, disillusioned, self-critical, absurdly vain, and incurably volatile. "He makes a fine art of his love-affairs, and carefully diagnoses the sensations they produce."

"Anatol is a bad lot, but the dialogues in which he figures are little masterpieces of polished, glittering lucidity and point. . . . Mr. Granville Barker has certainly made excellent English of them."—*Manchester Guardian*.

Third Impression. Cloth, 2s. net ; Paper, 1s. 6d. net.

THE TRAGEDY OF POMPEY THE GREAT

ARGUMENT.—In the years 50 and 49 B.C., Cneius Pompeius Magnus, the head of the patrician party, contested with C. Julius Cæsar, the popular leader, for supreme power in the State. Their jealousy led to the trouble of the Civil War, in which, after many battles, Cneius Pompeius Magnus was miserably killed.

ACT I. The determination of Pompeius to fight with his rival, then marching upon Rome.

ACT II. The triumph of Pompey's generalship at Dyrrachium. His overthrow by the generals of his staff. His defeat at Pharsalia.

ACT III. The death of that great ruler on the seashore of Pelusium in Egypt.

"In this Roman tragedy, while we admire its closely knit structure, dramatic effectiveness, and atmosphere of reality . . . the warmth and colour of the diction are the most notable things. . . . He knows the art of phrasing; he has the instinct for and by them."—*Athenæum*.

"Fine, nervous, dramatic English. Words which eat into the soul, which have a meaning, which are revelatory of character. A fine virility about the whole play and its conception. An altogether admirable piece of writing which fully justifies Mr. Masefield's real literary distinction."—*Observer*.

"He has written a great tragedy. . . . The dialogue is written in strong, simple, and nervous prose, flashing with poetic insight, significance, and suggestion. The characters are intensely alive, the situations are handled by a master hand, and the whole play is pregnant with that high and solemn pathos which is the gift of the born writer of tragedies."—*Morning Post*.

Third Impression. Cloth, 3s. 6d. net; Paper, 1s. 6d. net.

RUTHERFORD & SON

The real hero or villain of this play is literally "Rutherford & Son," *i.e.* the firm established by the lifelong labour of John Rutherford. To this idol in his old age he sacrifices everything; he robs his son of a trade-secret to maintain the Works, and to maintain the firm's dignity he drives from his house his daughter and his trusted head-man, who are secret lovers. Opposed and hated by his children, he is at last driven to bargain with his daughter-in-law for control of the grandson who is to carry on the business; and "Rutherford's" emerges triumphant.

"Miss Sowerby's *Rutherford and Son* is the best first play since *Chains* of Miss Elizabeth Baker. . . . Her play is exactly like *Chains* in the complete subordination of everything to a persistent main theme. Both plays are the work of an æsthetic puritan."—*Saturday Review*.

"Literary enough to make excellent reading."—*Daily Express*.

"It is a finely constructed play and a remarkable first work."—*Catholic Herald*.

"I have read few good acting plays which are so consecutive and satisfactory to read."—*T. P.'s Weekly*.

Second Impression. Cloth, 2s. 6d. net; Paper, 1s. 6d. net.

ELIZABETH BAKER

CHAINS

This play, originally produced by the Play Actors' Society, and subsequently one of the successes of the Frohman Repertory Theatre, deals with the life of London clerks and their families. Miss Baker's hero, Charlie Wilson, struggles to emancipate himself from his narrow life; and is on the point of emigrating to the Colonies when he finds that he is going to become a father. Such are the "chains" that tie him to his life at home.

"It is not often that the theatre in England sets one thinking; still less often does it open up an imperial horizon. But the play called *Chains*, at the Repertory Theatre, does both."—*Daily Mail*.

"It is just the sort of play that one likes to buy and read, for it is real and alive, and a play full of ideas."—*Daily Mail*.

Third Impression. Cloth, 1s. 6d. net; Paper, 1s. net.

THE PRICE OF THOMAS SCOTT

This play, written with all the intimate knowledge of her characters that is to be expected of the author of *Chains*, shows the struggles of a draper, with a failing business and a growing son, against the temptation to sell his shop to a purchaser who intends to convert it into a dancing-hall. Thomas Scott is a devout chapel-goer and a Puritan, and realises that he cannot serve both God and Mammon.

Cloth, 2s. net; Paper, 1s. 6d. net.

PAINS AND PENALTIES :

The Defence of Queen Caroline

This play has been described by the Lord Chamberlain—in the course of refusing to license its performance—as dealing with “a sad historical episode of comparatively recent date in the life of an unhappy lady.” Mr. Housman, in introducing his defence of Queen Caroline, Consort of George IV., points out that the “unhappy lady” has been dead for ninety years, during which period her memory has rested under a cloud which the main drift of his play is calculated to remove.

“This play has been censored. It is a play by a poet and artist. And it goes very deeply and hauntingly into the heart. The note that it sounds is the note of Justice, and he would indeed be either a fearful or a fawning reader who could find aught to object to in it.”—*Observer*.

Cloth, 3s. 6d. net; Paper, 1s. 6d. net.

THE CHINESE LANTERN

A fantastic play in a quaint Chinese setting, telling how Tikipu, the drudge of an art-school, tried to learn how to paint, and was taken away into a magic picture of Wiowani for three years. Meanwhile the little slave-girl Mee-Mee faithfully awaits his return, which occurs just as she has given up hope and is about to poison herself to avoid a forced marriage with Yunglangtsi, a gross body with a grocer's soul. Mee-Mee and Tikipu run away together.

Pott 4to, Cloth, 3s. 6d. net.

FOUR PLAYS

**James and John : Miles Dixon : Mary's Wedding :
and A Short Way with Authors**

James and John describes with true pathos the home-coming of a convict father who has served his sentence for embezzlement and the way in which he is received by his family.

Miles Dixon and *Mary's Wedding* are two dialect dramas of Westmoreland folk, the former of a tramp-poet wooing a married woman by night, the latter of a girl who failed to redeem her lover from his drunkard's habits.

A Short Way with Authors is a brilliant satirical farce directed against the methods and mannerisms of the popular actor-manager.

"*Miles Dixon* is the only play we know in which a writer has shown himself strong enough to train upon Synge and yet be all the more fully himself after it. . . . It is one of the most deeply moving of all modern plays."—*Manchester Guardian*.

"No one who reads discriminatingly the collection of short plays . . . can fail to recognise in three of the four not only poetic conception but also the language and treatment of poetry. The exception is just a little joke dashed off in high spirits."—*Sunday Times*.

"These plays contain the best work he has yet given to the public."—*Scotsman*.

Cloth, 2s. 6d. net.

THE TRIAL OF JEANNE D'ARC

follows with some exactitude the actual course, in historical outline, of the trial of Jeanne d'Arc for heresy in January-May 1431.

"It is a powerful presentment of a situation charged with dramatic interest ; the reproduction of an atmosphere of political and ecclesiastical chicane, of hypocrisy, trickery, and brutality, involving the solitary figure of the Maid. It presents the concentrated essence of the public life of the fifteenth century—an age of a decadent and sophistical Church, and an equally decadent militarism, finding their contrast in the earlier religious ideal personified in Jeanne."—*Pall Mall Gazette*.

"The play can be read with continual interest and frequent admiration in the study."—*English Review*.

"Mr. Garnett has succeeded in reproducing the historical atmosphere in no slight measure. Certainly, also, he has not failed to reveal much of the extraordinary psychological interest of the trial."—*Westminster Gazette*.

Cloth, 3s. 6d. net ; Paper, 1s. 6d. net.

ALLAN MONKHOUSE

MARY BROOME

"Mr. Monkhouse's play is fantastic, though it has the great merit of directness in the handling of its situation. Its story is that of the seduction of a servant-girl by a semi-artist, and then enforced marriage upon the insistence of a rigidly conventional parent. . . . *Mary Broome* was one of the most interesting of the plays presented by Miss Horniman's company. . . . It has a quality rare enough in the theatre, a quality of sweetness in irony that is hardly to be found in English outside the pages of Mr. Henry James."—*Gilbert Cannan in Rhythm*.

"Unquestionably the strongest, the most courageous, and the most penetrating play that we have had from an Englishman this decade. . . . It is a drama of which the British stage may well be proud."—*Manchester Courier*.

Second Impression. Cloth, 2s. net; Paper, 1s. 6d. net.

THE EDUCATION OF MR. SURRAGE

In this comedy the son and two daughters of Mr. Surrage, a retired business-man, seek to bring their father's ideas up to date by inviting to their house for a week-end a budding dramatist, an artist with more reputation than money, and a bohemian lady. By acquaintance with them the "education" of Mr. Surrage is accomplished at the expense of his children's ideals, and not without much amusement to the reader.

"The more the comedy is studied, the more its artistic beauties grow upon one."—*Nation*.

Cloth, 2s. net; Paper, 1s. 6d. net.

LADY BELL

THE WAY THE MONEY GOES

"The story of the simple-minded excellent woman caught for a time by the wiles of the street 'bookie' and the sneaking pedlar, is humorous and also pathetic. Lady Bell makes her people live; obviously they are founded upon observation of life, and the fine insight into character that is the foundation of imagination in drama. True artistic instinct prevents her from turning the play into a pamphlet."

—*Westminster Gazette*.

"Décidément cet ouvrage restera comme l'un des plus saisissants tableaux de la vie ouvrière dans l'Angleterre contemporaine."—*Revue Germanique*.

Cloth, 1s. 6d. net; Paper, 1s. net.

JAMES BYRNE

LORDS & MASTERS

This is a study of the relations between a brutal husband and his wife and the wife's admirer, in which the wife undergoes a revulsion of feeling on discovering a liaison between her lover and his landlady's daughter.

"The technique of the play is exceptionally good. Every sentence helps forward the action. There is no irrelevance."

—*Daily News*.

"This thoughtful and interesting little play."—*Glasgow Herald*.

Cloth, 1s. 6d. net; Paper, 1s. net.

HINDLE WAKES

has caused a great deal of discussion wherever it has been performed. The son of a wealthy Lancashire mill-owner has accidentally met, and spent a seaside week-end with, a mill-girl, the daughter of a working man, who is, nevertheless, an old friend of his father's. The young man is already engaged to be married. When his fault is discovered, his parents and those of the girl determine that he must make "an honest woman" of her; but when everything is apparently arranged, the mill-girl strenuously resists, and refuses to marry him. The play ends with a powerful scene between the young man and his fiancée.

"His characters are all living persons, no mere puppets, and because of that he is a real dramatist."—*Bookman*.

"A notable addition to modern drama. He raises no new problem, but his treatment of an old one breathes the spirit of the age in its refusal to be bound by conventional ideas."—*Dundee Advertiser*.

"It is as good to read as to see; and better still to think over."—*Theatreland*.

Sixth Impression. Cloth, 2s. net; Paper, 1s. 6d. net.

THE YOUNGER GENERATION

The theme of this comedy is the emancipation of the three children of Mr. and Mrs. Kennion from the stern control of their parents. The two sons stay out late, and one gets intoxicated ; and the daughter engages herself to a friend of her brothers of whom her parents disapprove. Freedom is obtained for them by the sane intervention of an uncle ; and in the culminating scene Mr. Kennion is forced into a lie when challenged by his son with "Have you never been drunk yourself?"

The play was first produced at the Manchester Repertory Theatre, and has had a successful West End run at the Haymarket Theatre.

Cloth, 2s. net ; Paper, 1s. 6d. net.

FIVE ONE-ACT PLAYS

The Dear Departed is a comedy dealing with an old man who is supposed to have died, but rises from his trance to interrupt the quarrels of his relatives over his property.

Fancy Free is the story of a frustrated elopement, husband and wife meeting at an hotel by accident.

The Master of the House is a small but powerful sketch of a gaol-bird returning home to sponge upon his father, whom he finds dead.

Phipps is a farce, the butler Phipps proving himself a better man than his master the baronet, and reconciling him to his wife.

The Fifth Commandment shows how a selfish mother pretends to be an invalid and prevents her daughter from marrying, only to find that she herself loses a suitor.

Cloth, 2s. net ; Paper, 1s. 6d. net.

THE NEW SIN

The plot of this play, which caused a great sensation on its production at the Royalty Theatre in London, February 1912, turns upon the will of a rich and eccentric manufacturer with twelve children, which causes Hilary Cutts, the eldest of them, to feel that he is committing a "new sin" by continuing to live; because only after his death can his impoverished brothers and sisters come into the fortune that is awaiting each of them. One of the worthless brothers commits a murder in Hilary's room, and the latter sees his opportunity and allows himself to be convicted of the crime and sentenced to death; but the penalty is commuted to penal servitude. *Tableau.*

"Bravo, Mr. Macdonald Hastings! A writer who can give us, as his first dramatic essay, a play so profoundly interesting, so ingenious, and withal so curiously bizarre, ought to go far."—*Daily Telegraph.*

"A vivid and brilliant piece of dramatic composition."—*Morning Leader.*

"One of the most notable plays of recent years."—*Aberdeen Free Press.*

Cloth, 2s. net; Paper, 1s. net.

LOVE—AND WHAT THEN?

shows the revolt of the youthful and light-hearted wife of an austere provincial clergyman, whom she shocks by her insistence on appearing at an entertainment of his parishioners in a very short-skirted costume. Further, she flirts rather dangerously with a young naval lieutenant, but is saved from irreparable error by the intervention of a kindly and unconventional Bishop.

“One of the smartest modern comedies we have read for many a day. The dialogue from first to last shines with sparkling wit, and the plot shows outstanding originality of construction.”—*Dundee Advertiser*.

Cloth, 2s. net; Paper, 1s. net.

THE TIDE

“an emancipated melodrama,” as the author calls it, tells of the romantic career of Felicity Scarth, who at eighteen was robbed of her illegitimate child, at twenty-one became rich and attempted to stifle her craving for the child by a life of dissipation, and at thirty-four attempted suicide to end everything. By the help of a doctor she rediscovers her child, now a grown girl of eighteen, and after further trials all ends happily for both mother and daughter.

“It is miles in front of the common ‘London success.’”—*Manchester Guardian*.

Cloth, 2s. net; Paper, 1s. net.

C. B. FERNALD

THE MARRIED WOMAN

This play, by the author of *The Cat and the Cherub*, shows how a girl, alarmed by her ignorance of what marriage means, seeks to find out before committing herself to matrimony, but is carried away by natural feeling. Her marriage turns out to be a failure, and she accepts an unconventional solution of her difficulties offered by a former lover.

"It is a very clever, truly amusing comedy . . . a comedy of idea, with a witty dialogue and some very clever character-drawing. . . . This bold, able, amusing play . . . interesting and effective."—*Westminster Gazette*.

"The author of the *Married Woman* proves himself just as competent as the author of *Getting Married*, and the difference between the two is that the former is wholly coherent."—*Sunday Times*.

Cloth, 3s. 6d. net.

LEONARD INKSTER

THE EMANCIPATION

"A study under the microscope of a quite ordinary and perfectly comic family in a provincial town. The son of the house . . . signals his individuality by falling in love with the maid-servant, an intentionally unimpressive demonstration of individuality, and is surprised in some honest, if blundering, love-making. That is all the play, and Mr. Inkster has filled it to the brim with amazing little bits of observation. . . . We liked this play enormously. There is beauty, submission and fantasy in it."—*Manchester Guardian*.

Cloth, 2s. net; Paper, 1s. 6d. net.

F. G. LAYTON

THE POLITICIANS

This "comedy in four acts" deals with the Parliamentary candidature of the Hon. Peter Baldwin, son of a Tory peer, in a constituency largely consisting of slums. Beginning the fight without convictions, he undergoes a revulsion of feeling, and in losing the seat finds both himself and his happiness.

"There is brightness and humour in this comedy, with its abundant topical political satire."—*T.P.'s Weekly*.

Cloth, 2s net; Paper, 1s. 6d. net.

FLORIDA SCOTT-MAXWELL

THE FLASH-POINT

Described by the author as "a play of a provincial town," this is a comedy, or perhaps a tragi-comedy, of the struggle of Jean Barker against her mother, grandmother, and aunt. After attempting to hold a public meeting unknown to them, she is accidentally locked in all night in the hall with Vernon, her fiancé; and this produces the *dénouement* of the play. The dialogue is most spirited and brilliant, and the characters most amusingly drawn.

Cloth, 2s. net; Paper, 1s. 6d. net.

HERMON OULD

BETWEEN SUNSET AND DAWN

A play in four scenes of an East-end "doss-house," dealing with a runaway wife and her lover, and ending with a powerful climax.

Produced at the Adelphi Theatre in 1912, this play, by a new writer, made a great impression and caused much discussion.

Cloth, 1s. 6d. net ; Paper, 1s. net.

REGINALD ARKELL

COLOMBINE

"A fantasy in one act," issued with a few poems, and illustrated by Frederick Carter, *Colombine* is a pretty, sentimental pastoral drama.

"It embraces more humane cleverness, more wit mingled with wisdom, than we have met in verse for a very long time."—*Evening Standard*.

Paper wrapper, 1s. net.

J. O. FRANCIS

CHANGE

This four-act play of a Glamorgan village gained the prize offered by Lord Howard de Walden, and was recently produced in London by the Stage Society.

Paper, 1s. 6d. net.

SIXPENNY ONE-ACT PLAYS

MESSRS. SIDGWICK & JACKSON, LTD., have pleasure in announcing a series of one-act plays, issued at the price of 6d. net in wrappers. Amongst the first are—

MISS TASSEY, by ELIZABETH BAKER.

THE LITTLE STONE HOUSE, by
GEORGE CALDERON.

OVER THE HILLS, by JOHN PALMER.

Enquiries regarding the representation of any of the plays in this list may be made of the Publishers, who will be pleased to give the necessary information as to fees and other conditions.

UC SOUTHERN REGIONAL LIBRARY



A 000 675 466 7

SIXPENNY PLAYS

MISS TASSEY. By ELIZABETH
BAKER.

"The characterisation is excellent."—*Birmingham Post*.

THE LITTLE STONE HOUSE.

By GEORGE CALDERON.

"A well-conceived little play with a genuinely ironic flavour ; the conception is true to human nature, and at the same time novel and unexpected."—*Cambridge Review*.

SIDGWICK & JACKSON, LTD., LONDON